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We, the members of the Board of Health of the City and County of San Francisco, Cordially approve and recommend the Royal Baking Powder. It is absolutely pure and healthful, composed of the best ingredients, of the highest strength and character.

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AN EXPLANATION AND ANSWER.

WHAT IS WINTERILLA?

Why, it is a pleasant and effective remedy for the positive cure of Chapped Hands, Poison Oak, Salt Rheum, Eczema, Sun Burn, Tan; positively removes Freckles, and is one of the grandest luxuries for gentlemen after shaving. This is an exquisite article prepared with the greatest care by scientific experts. Its component parts are perfectly harmless, and the ladies toilet is not complete without it. One trial will convince the most skeptical that what we say of WINTERILLA is true. For sale by all druggists in 25c and 50c bottles.

"August Flower"

Miss C. G. McCleave, School-teacher, 753 Park Place, Elmira, N. Y. "This Spring while away from home teaching my first term in a country school I was perfectly wretched with that human agony called dyspepsia. After dieting for two weeks and getting no better, a friend wrote me, suggesting that I take August Flower. The very next day I purchased a bottle. I am delighted to say that August Flower helped me so that I have quite recovered from my indisposition."

I CURE FITS!

If you have fits, do not despair. I have cured many cases of Epilepsy, St. Vitus' Dance, and other forms of Fits. My medicine is simple, safe, and effective. Write for particulars to Dr. J. A. Rice, Ottawa, Kan.

SSS CURES MALARIAL POISON

Nature should be assisted to throw off impurities of the blood. Nothing does it so well, so promptly, or so safely as Swift's Specific. LIFE HAD NO CHARMS. For three years I was troubled with malarial poison, which caused my appetite to fail, and I was greatly reduced in flesh, and life lost all its charms. I tried mercurial and potash remedies, but to no effect. I could get no relief. I then decided to try SSS. A few bottles of this wonderful SSS medicine made a complete and permanent cure, and I now enjoy better health than ever. J. A. Rice, Ottawa, Kan.

TELL ME, MY HEART.

Of thee, my heart, would I inquire,
What lowly love thou dost desire,
Two souls with only one desire,
Two hearts that beat each other's fire,
And with each other dwell.

And tell me whence thou comest, I pray?
It comes, and it is here.
And whether doth it vanish, say?
It is not for to be away.
For love is ever near.

And prithce, what is there that's pure?
Tis that which self denies.
And when is love accounted sure,
The firmest rooted to endure?
Tis when it's without blame.

—From the German.

A NATURAL TRAP.

I had been riding several hours through the hot dust of a southern Arizona plain on the trip from Antelope to the home ranch. I had not seen a living thing except the scurrying lizards, when I noticed ahead a man on horseback riding rapidly toward me.

At that point the trail led across the great cactus plain known as Lonesome valley. It was not a valley at all in the usual sense of the word, but a broad, level sweep of sandy desert stretching between two abrupt ranges of mountains. There was not a tree on it more than ten feet high, but I will venture to say that there were more varieties of cactus and more of those villainous plants to the square yard than could be found in any other spot on the globe. Southern Arizona is the garden of the cactus, and this desert must have been its own particular hotbed.

I had been in the country scarcely six months, but I had already acquired a horror of cactus thorns, and guided my horse along the trail with a care which did not admit of great speed.

The rider whom I saw approaching me in Lonesome valley evidently had no such fear. His animal, which was urging forward at a rapid lope, averted easily to the right and left, threading the mazes of the cactus growth with the trained sense of a Mexican pony.

As they approached I made out that the rider was a Mexican. At a still closer view I saw that he was a rather good looking Mexican, but poorly dressed, and that evidently he was on a journey. He greeted me with a pair of worn, greasy blankets, and a lightly packed gunny sack. His horse, which was a fine, boned animal, built for speed and endurance, forced marches, and long stages without water; but at present he was certainly tired. I will not say "tired out" for these ponies are never tired out until they are dead.

The man checked his rapid pace as we neared each other, and his thought was about to pass with the customary benediction, when he cast a quick glance at my horse and reined in his own. I halted also.

"You had better fine horse there, señor," he said, in a tone of the utmost politeness.

My horse, which I called Montezuma, was in fact a larger and better shaped animal than is often seen in that country. I had picked him out for that reason on my first visit to Antelope, and at the time prided myself a little on my choice. He was indeed a horse of excellent appearance and action, but I had not known his very build showed that he was a northern or an eastern horse, and not native born, and I found that he was by no means equal to the native bred in endurance or wiry strength. He could not travel as far nor go so long without water, nor was he as sure footed.

However, he made an imposing appearance, and served me very well in my rides, which were chiefly for pleasure.

He pricked up his ears, and the polite Mexican said again, "You had better fine horse, señor."

"Yes, he's a very good horse," I replied, not very cordially, but still with courtesy, for it seemed to me polite to be courteous to a man who was probably the only human being within ten miles.

"He no born in this country? I see no boss like born in Arizona, señor. But, señor, with a glance at his own shaggy boned, panting beast, "there is one verra good animal Mexicana horse. I ride here now one, two, three day. I ride here verra hard and see!"

He touched the animal lightly with his spur, lifted the hand with which he held the reins and turned forward. The horse sprang instantly into a furious lope, as if he had just been saddled for the first time. The Mexican wheeled him gracefully in a long circle through the cactus plants, and drew him in again on his haunches by my side.

"Ah, señor, he is the one boss of ope meillion! He go and go and go, and never stop. He drink only the one time a day, and he eat, ah, so little! In one year he not eat so much as a burro. But perhaps the señor," and here his face wore a most persuasive smile, "will like to see change. The señor will gift to me boss horse, and I will gift to beets my magnifico Chihuahua."

"No, I do not wish to trade horses at all," I said, with less cordiality than before, as I began to feel decidedly uneasy in the presence of this smiling foreigner.

"Not!" he said, in a tone of regret. Then, after a moment, his face lighting up, he added: "Ah, but the señor has never tried him! He does not know Chihuahua. If he try him only the once he see that I tell him the truth."

He threw himself to the ground and came toward me smiling. I now saw his plan. He was a desperate man, probably flying to Mexico to escape the consequences of some crime. My horse had attracted him at first sight. Either he needed it to help him on his journey, or he might sell it for a good sum across the border.

It seemed to me an excellent plan to go at once, without losing any more time in useless conversation. I turned quickly in the saddle, murmured a somewhat unnecessary "Good-by," and spurred Montezuma toward home.

The horse was fresh, and started away in good shape; but in an instant the Mexican had sprung into his saddle and was after me. There was no doubt now as to his intentions. As I looked back I saw that his face had lost its smile and taken on a cruel, sullen look. He dug his spurs into his horse, and the animal sprang into the same furious gallop that I had seen before.

My heart sank as I realized that it was perhaps a race of life and death. The defects of my horse came to my mind with startling distinctness. How gladly would I have exchanged him for the boniest cow pony in the country! The Mexican's horse was not gaining on me now, for Montezuma was fresh; but could he outrun that relentless pursuer on a five mile stretch?

Then what if Montezuma should stumble and throw me to the ground, had foremost? At the thought of this I turned again to the front. I could not afford to watch my pursuer. I must keep a clear outlook ahead. If I could only guide my horse safely around every hole and stone, and across every wash, perhaps we could yet pull away from the second behind me.

At this moment something struck me a terrific blow in the back of the head. I thought I had been shot, and turned slowly to look at my murderer. The end of a heavy, worn lasso was just slipping over the saddle behind me, and the Mexican, with an exclamation, was reeling it in, evidently making ready to throw again. He had seen that my horse was gaining, and accordingly had recourse to that most effective long range weapon, the lariat. His first throw had missed me by an inch, and he was now aiming at my head. I was not a thrower of the "lass" myself, but I was familiar with its powers. One of the rough sports of cowboys, after work,

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation permanently. For sale in 50c and \$1.00 bottles by all druggists.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

San Francisco, Cal.
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SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE

This GREAT COUGH CURE, this successful CONSUMPTION CURE is sold by druggists on a positive guarantee, a test that no other Cure can stand successfully. If you have a COUGH, HOARSENESS or LA GRIPPE, it will cure you promptly. If you have the CROUP or WHOOPING COUGH, use it quickly and relief is sure. If you fear CONSUMPTION, don't wait until your case is hopeless, but take this Cure at once and receive immediate help. Large bottles, 50c and \$1.00. Travelers convenient pocket size 25c. Ask your druggist for SHILOH'S CURE. If your lungs are sore or pack lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plasters. Price, 25c.

MANN'S BONE OIL

Will out Dry or Green Bones, Moist, Gravel and all Green Cat BONES will double the number of eggs—will make the more fertile—will carry the hens safely through the incubation period and put them in condition to lay when eggs come. Mann's Bone Oil will develop your chicks faster than any other food.

Feed Green Bones and use Creosote to kill the lice, as you will make them grow faster.

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Give Relief at once for Cold in Head. Apply like the Ointment. —It is quickly Absorbed. See Druggists or by mail, ELY BROS., 24 Warren St., N. Y.

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Do you feel bad? Do you have a headache? Does your back ache? You can't eat and don't feel like work. The YOUR trouble is your liver is torpid. You are full of bile. YOUR Get rid of it without delay. Three doses of Moore's Revealed Remedy will do it and make you feel like a new person. For sale by all druggists.

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If you are interested in any land case; if you want a Patent, or desire a Pension, write for information to H. E. WINN & BROTHERS, 410 Columbia St., Portland, Me. We have the best Claims and Railroad Lands a specialty. Fees moderate. Any desired reference given.

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ARE THE BEST WATERS For Liver and Kidney Complaints, Rheumatism, Gout, Dropsy, Skin and Private Diseases. Beautifully situated in Cascade Mountains, 60 miles east of Astoria, New hotel and baths; open all year round. Write for circular to H. R. & M. J. FOLEY, Proprietors, Foley Hot Springs, Lane Co., Or. Look for this ad in this paper next week.

YOUNG MEN! The Specific A. No. 1.

Cures, without fail, all cases of Gonorrhoea, Syphilis, and all other venereal diseases. It is a permanent cure for the disease, and restores the system to its normal condition. It is a safe and reliable remedy. Cures without fail, all cases of Gonorrhoea, Syphilis, and all other venereal diseases. It is a permanent cure for the disease, and restores the system to its normal condition. It is a safe and reliable remedy. Cures without fail, all cases of Gonorrhoea, Syphilis, and all other venereal diseases. It is a permanent cure for the disease, and restores the system to its normal condition. It is a safe and reliable remedy.

FOR IRREGULAR USE, HERCULES ENGINE Gas or Gasoline

A Positive Power. Requires No Licensed Engineer. Your Wife Can Run It. PALMER & REY, San Francisco, Cal. and Portland, Or. No Batteries or Electric Spark.

TUTT'S TINY PILLS

Will cure these troubles. Dose small. Price, 25c. Sold by all Druggists. N. P. N. U. No. 461—S. F. N. U. No. 528

FASCINATION.

Why so Many Ladies Who Should be Attractive Fail to Please—A Brilliant Woman Reveals the Secret.

—Ladies Home.

"Dress is everything." "It is! It is! Some beautiful women cannot be improved by a dress, no matter how artistic it may be made." "The speakers were two lady reporters for society papers. They had attended balls, receptions and parties for years. They had studied the effects of costumes, the lines of beauty, and had faithfully written upon them in the papers they represented. They were masters in their art and yet they differed.

"You cannot prove your assertion by any lady of high standing and authority." "I can," replied her companion. "Within two days I will show you an interview with the leading woman on dress of America." And the two friends parted.

Last Wednesday they met at the same place, when, producing a neatly-written manuscript, the lady read the following remarkable interview:

"Mrs. Annie Jenness-Miller is the acknowledged authority in America upon the subject of dress. An attractive woman herself, she knows how to render other women attractive in the highest degree. I sought an interview; it was granted upon the terms of the result."

"Do you think, Mrs. Miller, that women are made more attractive by their dress?" "That depends upon what you mean by attractive."

"Pleasing, fascinating if you choose—more charming to men and other women."

"A simply beautiful woman is seldom attractive; a stupid one never. It is the soul, the life, the brilliancy, which render women attractive."

"I'll admit that, but what makes women brilliant, bright and good health. Did you ever see a sickly woman able to entertain a dinner party of bright people? On the other hand, did you ever know a cultivated and refined woman, overflowing with animal life and spirits, who was not fascinating?" "So you believe perfect health is the secret of fascination, do you?" "Most certainly. Artistic dressing is proper, fine curves attractive, but life, such as comes from healthy throbbing blood, is alone fascinating. It is a great mistake, however, to think that health is preserved by dress alone. Women must have proper food, freedom from care, and a good friend in need."

"What do you mean by that?" "Some assistance physically. All women feel depressed at times, and all pleasure seems gone out of life. On all such occasions, and indeed whenever blue or worn out, she needs help. I know, because I have been in that condition myself."

"And what do you do when in that condition?" "One thing, and one thing only. I am assisted by the best friend that any woman ever had. It is Warner's Safe Cure. I mean it, and I have good reason to speak as I do. You think I am a perfectly healthy woman; so I am, but I take several bottles of this great cure every season just as I take additional care in the selection of tonic-giving food. As you know, there are certain times when every woman needs assistance. At such times, and before such times, there is, so far as I know, but one thing that can help, and that is the great cure I have named."

"I had Mrs. Miller a reluctant god-father, for I felt that I had met a woman who knew women, what their trials and troubles were, and what they required."

THE HORSE A WOMAN BUILT.

It is seldom that a woman plans and erects a house precisely according to her own ideas. Some five years ago, however, a foolishly Bridgport man gave his wife full permission to plan and build a house as she wanted it. Then he went away to South America, and was gone a year. When he came back she ushered him into a dwelling consisting of a parlor, kitchen, bedroom and twenty-eight closets. In each closet there were several shelves and upward of four dozen hooks. Still, when the Bridgport man retired that night he left his clothes piled on a chair. And he did not complain until the next morning after breakfast, when his wife met him with a board of a dry goods box, a dozen nails and a flatiron, and asked him if he couldn't put up another shelf in that small closet which opened off the large front closet.

His left thumb was still sore from putting up a shelf before he went to South America. He seized his hat and started downtown, and as he went out he noticed hooks on the outside of the front door for the morning milk man to hang his wares on, and other hooks on the front gate on which distributors of advertising matter might suspend their literary efforts. A week later this house was burned down under suspicious circumstances, but though the Bridgport man offered a remarkably large reward for the discovery of the incendiary, nothing ever came of it.—New York Tribune.

TOWER'S SLICKER

Is the only Absolutely Water Proof Coat! Guaranteed NOT to Peel, Break or Stick to Leak at the Seams.

There are two ways you can tell the genuine Slicker: The First Brand trade mark and a Red W. on Collar. Sold everywhere, or sent free for price. A. J. TOWER, New York, Boston, and Chicago. Our Absolute Brand is better than any water-proof coat made except the First Brand.

CONSUMPTION.

These positive results from the above document, by using thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send two bottles gratis, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their names and P. O. address. R. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

Stating the Case Frankly.

The servant girl answered the door-bell and replied that her mistress was out. "Please tell her," said the caller, "that I would like very much to have her come over tonight to play whist."

"Well, ma'am," answered her royal highness, the servant girl, "I know Mrs. S. can't go; it's my night out, and she's got to stay in."—Springfield Household.

Social Fustia.

Mr. Rounds—How nicely that Miss Instyle carries her head!

Miss Dukatta—She ought to carry it easily—it's so light.—Puck.

Left with No Excuse.

"Well, Bill," said the tramp, "it's time for us to be getting off into the country."

"Why so soon?"

"The city free baths are open."—Racket.

Ironical Significance.

De Sute—Where did you get your clothes, Harry?

Harry—Saltator's. But why do you ask? He only does a cash business.—Puck.

Polite to a Fault.

A—Have a cigar?

B—Thanks (takes one).

A (disappointed)—I thought you didn't smoke!—Journal pour Rire.